Numb. 315.

THE Pennſylvania GAZETTE.

Containing the freſheſt Advices Foreign and Domeſtick.

From December 12. to December 19. 1734.

An Enquiry after true Pleaſure. A Fable.
By Mr. Dodſley.

THE *kingly ruler of the plain,
Juſt entring on his ſavage reign,
To grace his coronation feaſt,
Sent and invited every beaſt;
And ſoon the royal cave beheld
With all his various ſubjects fill'd:
For leagues of peace were lately made,
And lambs and wolves together play'd;
Foxes and tim'rous hares agree
With dogs, their common enemy:
And now a ſumptuous table ſpread,
Friendly they altogether fed;
And having din'd, ſit ſtill and prate
Familiarly of this and that:
Till with a kind, yet ſerious look,
The king, deſiring audience, ſpoke.
'My friends, and loving ſubjects all,
'Who've kindly thus obey'd my call,
'I give you thanks, and now I crave
'Your further kindneſs to receive:
'I'm ſeated on the throne you ſee
'In peaceable tranquility;
'No cares of war diſturb my breaſt;
'With taxes you are not oppreſt;
'This life I'll therefore ſpend in joy;
'None ſhall be happier than I.
'But leſt I ſhou'd purſue falſe bliſs,
'What I would ask of you, is this,
'To tell me —— *What true* Pleaſure *is?*
The beaſts ſeem'd pleas'd with this requeſt;
Each thought he could adviſe him beſt,
And ſtriving who ſhould ſilence break,
They all at once roſe up to ſpeak;
Till by his majeſty's command,
Their forward zeal was ſoon reſtrain'd,
Who calmly bidding them ſit down,
And let him hear them one by one,
Th' impatient *Monkey* thus begun.
'Pleaſure, my liege, is free from ſtriſe,
'To lead a thoughtleſs eaſy life;
'Airy and wild, and brisk, and gay,
'To ſing, and dance, and laugh, and play;
'Now following this, now that, and that,
'And ſo't be new, no matter what;
'Free from all rules of juſt and fit,
'Do miſchief firſt, then laugh at it:
'This is diverſion, pleaſure, wit.
The *Aſs* was here provok'd to riſe,
And gravely thus bray'd his advice;
'If, ſaid he, real pleaſure is
'In ſuch buffoonery as this,
'Then beaus and ſmarts, amongſt mankind,
'Are in their notions moſt refin'd:
'But well we know, by men of ſenſe
'They're tax'd with vain impertinence.
'I therefore think, true pleaſure lies
'(If I may be thought fit t'adviſe)
'In careleſs indolence and eaſe,
'Not ſuff'ring any thing to teaze;
'Regardleſs what th' ambitious fly at,
'So we're but undiſturb'd and quiet;
'Well knowing 'tis but to attain
'More eaſe, that they're at ſo much pain:
'And he's more happy, none can doubt it,
'Who's eaſy without taking pains about it.
Now roſe the *Hog*, and with a grunt,
'Pleaſure, cry'd he, they know nought on't.
'A life trail'd on in lazineſs
'Can only ſuit a ſtupid aſs,
'And fool'd away in monkey mirth,
'It's really full as little worth;
'For doing nothing worthy fame,
'And doing nothing's much the ſame.
'But if you'd real pleaſure know
'Let generous liquor ſmiling flow;
'In jovial crews ſpend every hour,
'And eat and drink, and rant, and roar:
'Thus every care will ſink and drown,
'Whilſt mirth and joy run laughing round.
'I ſeem a monarch while I drink ſo,
'You'll be a god do you but think ſo.
Here burſts the *Goat* into a laugh,
And thus beginning with a ſcoff,
'Doubtleſs, ſaid he, it muſt be fine,
'T'exalt a naſty dirty ſwine,
'To ſuch a height in fancying,
'As to believe himſelf a king.
'But that which thus perverts our ſenſes,
'Can have, I think, but ſmall pretences
'To recommend it to our favour,
'As pleaſure of the trueſt flavour,
'Nature methinks ſhou'd guide in this,
'Who ſeems t'have ſhewn the higheſt bliſs,
'In having plac'd the ſweeteſt guſt,
'In gratifying natural luſt.
'And that 'tis the ſublimeſt joy,
'I think's ſo plain none can deny.
'Witneſs the mad tormenting pain,
'When diſappointed, we ſuſtain.
'Witneſs how eagerly we preſs on,
'Witneſs our raptures in poſſeſſion.
But here the *Leopard*, riſing ſlow,
Expos'd his beauteous ſpots to ſhow,
And with a grave majeſtick face,
Thus gave his verdict in the caſe:
'Pleaſure conſiſts not in ſuch ſhort
'Imperfect tranſitory ſport,
'Of which the pains we're at to get it,
'O'er-pays the bliſs when we come at it;
'Nor can it e'er be call'd true joy,
'With ſuch a mixture of alloy.

* *The Lyon.*

* No,

'No, that muſt be the moſt refin'd,
'Which moſt exalts and charms the mind;
'And nothing ſure more charming is,
'Than honour, pomp, and dignities,
'Than grandeur and magnificence,
'Than ſumptuous trains and vaſt expence,
'Than place, diſtinction, and preferment,
'And, when we die, a grand interment.
At this the *Horſe*, with noble look,
Raiſing his creſted neck, thus ſpoke;
'That merit ſhould be rais'd on high,
'I think's ſo juſt none can deny;
'But he who places all his bliſs
'In the external pomp of this,
'Knows not what greatneſs, nor what pleaſure is;
'His judgment errs as much at leaſt,
'As his who thinks that painting beſt
'Which is in gaudieſt colours dreſt.
'Of both we may affirm the ſame,
'Their taſte lies only in the gilded frame.
'I grant preferment, honour, place,
'Are riſing ſteps to happineſs;
'But whilſt we're upwards thus aſpiring,
'We're anxious ſtill, and ſtill deſiring.
'To act with an unbounded will,
'Can only our deſires fulfil;
'Whence, th' higheſt bliſs, in my opinion,
'Muſt be in power and dominion.'
Thus all their various ſenſe expreſt;
And each advis'd what he thought beſt;
But ſtill what each as beſt eſteem'd,
Was by the next that ſpoke, condemn'd.
Mean while the ſavage monarch ſate,
Attentive to the warm debate;
The nature ſaw, without diſguiſe,
Of every beaſt in his advice.
But ſoon the diſputants grew rude,
Confuſion, noiſe, tumultuous feud
Enrage the jarring multitude.
Till weary'd out, the royal beaſt
Thus ſpoke, and ſilenc'd all the reſt.
'Ceaſe, ceaſe your vain contention, ceaſe
'Your ſhallow ſchemes of happineſs;
'Which only have confirm'd me more,
'Tis where I thought it was before.
'*Greatneſs* is no eſtabliſhment
'Of real bliſs, or true content;
'*Luxurious banquets* ſoon diſguſt;
'We're quickly pall'd with ſenſual *Luſt*:
'VIRTUE alone can give true joy:
'The ſweets of *Virtue* never cloy.
'To take delight in doing good,
'In juſtice, truth, and gratitude,
'In aiding thoſe whom cares oppreſs,
'Adminiſtring comfort to diſtreſs:
'Theſe, theſe are Joys, which all who prove,
'Anticipate the Bliſs above.
'Theſe, are the joys, and theſe alone
'We ne'er repent or wiſh undone.'
He ſpoke; the beaſts without delay
Roſe from their ſeats, and ſneak'd away.

As there is nothing more partial than the Accounts given of Battles, all of them leſſening or magnifying the Loſs or Gain on either Side, juſt as the Writers are affected; we find it neceſſary to publiſh ſeveral Accounts on both Sides, when there has been any important Action, that ſo the Reader may be the better enabled to form a true Judgment: And therefore to the Relations we have already publiſh'd of the late important Battle in Italy, *we ſhall add the following.*

Guaſtalla, Sept. 18. Long had the brave Count Koningſegg meditated Revenge for the fatal Battle of Parma, and Relief for the Honour of the Imperial Arms, by giving the Allies ſome deſperate Blow. He had made ſeveral Attempts, but was conſtantly betrayed; his Deſigns always took Air, and he could never diſcover the Traitors: At laſt, however, he has carried them into Execution. There is an old Saying in Lombardy, That if a Man would execute any Grand Deſign, he muſt take Care to poſſeſs himſelf of the Seraglio, (a Spot of Ground between Mantua and the *Po*) Count Merci neglected this Advice; but Count Koningſegg thought it very juſt and ſolid, and poſted the 4000 Croatians there, ſupported by three Regiments of Horſe under the Command of General Berlinger, whom he ordered to act along the Oglio as Opportunity ſhould offer. On the 4th, Count Koningſegg ordered the whole Army to be upon its Guard, and every Man in his Poſt, as if he had received Notice that he ſhould be attacked by the Allies. About Five o'Clock in the Evening, he gave Orders, at the ſame time that he diſcovered to them the Deſign he was going to execute. The Guards were doubled, and Notice was given, that no Perſon ſhould ſtir out of the Camp without Leave. The Retreat was beat, as uſual, that they might hear it in the Enemy's Camp; and the Trumpets having flouriſhed as at other times, every one retired. At Midnight the Army began its March in three Columns, and in Order of Battle, the Soldiers only in their Waſtecoats, without Coats or Knapſacks; *We ſhall find enough in the Enemy's Camp*, ſaid their Officers to them, *if you have any Hearts.* 13,000 Foot and 6 Regiments of Horſe advanced firſt towards the Secchia above Quiſtello, and forded it, there not being above three Foot Water. The Count de Waldebeck ſtaid with his Brigade facing Quiſtello, to make a faint Attack there, as ſoon as he ſhould hear that they had ſurprized the Head-Quarters at Bondanello. The French had at Quiſtello, (which they had well retrenched) 1000 Men and nine Pieces of Cannon; and they had at that time above ſixty Officers there. As ſoon as the Germans had paſſed the Secchia, they fell upon the Marſhal de Broglio's Quarters, who was ſo found aſleep, that our Granadiers were in his Court-Yard, before he was well awake: Fifty Men and the Officers of the Guard made ſome Reſiſtance, to give him Time to make his Eſcape at the back Door in his Shirt, with his Breeches in one Hand, and his two Sons in the other. The Guard then ſurrendered; and we advanced to the Bridge over-againſt Quiſtello, and carried that Quarter; but here the Count de Waldebeck was killed, greatly lamented. During theſe Preliminaries, the Army advanced apace, and fell upon the Count de Broglio's Body, which conſiſted of 28 or 30 Battalions, who fled in their Shirts and left their very Arms behind them. The brave Regiments of the King and Picardie were among theſe; every Man made the beſt Shift he could for himſelf, and carried the Alarm

larm to the Right. The Marſhal de Coigny made the Troops under his Command take Arms, all in a Hurry and Diſorder, and was advancing to the Right; but perceiving that the Imperial Army was marching towards him in three Columns, he halted and called a Council of War; and the Imperialiſts juſt then moving towards their Left, it was imagined that they would endeavour to cut off the Army's Retreat towards the Bridge of Guaſtalla; and therefore it was inſtantly reſolved to make a Retreat that way in the beſt Order they could. Some Battalions were left with Artillery in the neighbouring Caſſines, to ſtop the Enemy; but thoſe Troops made but a very ſlender Reſiſtance, and were obliged to yield themſelves Priſoners of War. Count Koningſegg ſeeing the Enemy's Diſorder on all Sides, ſent 10,000 Men this way, under the Command of Prince Lewis of Wirtemberg, and advanced towards San Benedetto, where were the Head-Quarters of the Savoyards: The King of Sardinia made his Eſcape in his Night-Gown and Slippers; but two Regiments of his Troops were cut off from the reſt and taken. Some Squadrons of Dragoons and the Huſſars broke and put into Diſorder the Enemy's Rear-Guard, who are divided into Bodies of 2 or 3000 Men each, moſt of them without Arms, Baggage or Artillery, which we hope to cut off and take one after the other; for we are ſtill purſuing them. The Booty already taken, amounts to upwards of 15 Millions of Livres; for we have taken the Arms of one Third of the Gallo-Sardinick Army, all the Artillery, 12 or 1500 Waggons, all the Baggage, heavy and light, all the Tents; and between 6 and 8000 Priſoners. There were doubtleſs 1000 or 1200 of the Enemy killed. Never was ſeen ſuch Confuſion. But the Generals who ſuffered themſelves to be thus ſurprized, how will they come off.

Next here follows a more particular Account of the Second Battle between the ſame Armies, which happened on the 19th of Sept. *viz.*

Mantua, Sept. 24. We have here the following Particulars of the Battle fought the 19th near Guaſtalla. Count Konigſegg broke up from Luzara the 16th about Nine in the Morning, and at Ten he ordered the Enemy, who were poſted under Guaſtalla, to be attack'd by ſeven Battalions of Foot and 12 Companies of General Valpereve and Colmenero, who made the Onſet in a very brave and intrepid Manner. The Enemy pour'd on freſh Troops continually; whereupon our Troops were reinforc'd with 17 Companies of Grenadiers and 19 Battallions of Foot: Then the Action became general in a Moment, and thereupon we order'd 50 Squadrons to engage: The Enemy's Horſe were then on a Plain, where they were, moſt advantageouſly poſted behind the Caſſines, very deep Ditches, and a great many Buſhes, from whence they made a terrible and conſtant Fire upon our Men, which prevented our knowing their Number. The Generals Valpareve and Colmenero were killed in the Beginning of this Attack, as were all the Field Officers; ſo that only one Lieutenant-Colonel was at the Head of the ſeven Battalions who began the Attack. The Prince of Wirtemberg was killed in the Middle of this Action, when his Preſence was moſt neceſſary to lead on the Foot. Count Koningſegg then ſeeing that it was impoſſible for him to break the Enemy's Cavalry, after a continual Fire of about ſix Hours, order'd his Army to retire, which they did in ſo good Order, that the Enemy durſt not purſue him; and he went and encamped at Luzara, where his Army was encamped the Day before. Notwithſtanding the great Loſs of Officers above-mentioned, whereby the Attack was ſomething ſlackened, and our Troops brought into ſome diſorder, our Men did not retire or loſe one Inch of Ground, till they were ordered to draw off from the Field of Battle. The Number of our killed and wounded Men amounts to between 4 and 6000. For ſix or ſeven Hours nothing was to be ſeen but Fire and Sword, Dead and Wounded, and Rivulets of Blood. The Field of Battle was indeed left to the Enemy, where they could find nothing to give them Occaſion to boaſt of a Victory; for as the Fire on both Sides was equally ſtrong and continual, we judge their Loſs muſt be equal to ours.

The Velt Marſhal Konnigſegg has been join'd ſince the laſt Battle by 4000 Croatians and three Regiments of Horſe. His Excellency is actually making new Diſpoſitions for another Combat.

The Retreat of the Imperial Army was owing to the unhappy Loſs of the Prince of Wirtemberg, and the Wounds receiv'd by the Generals Valpariſo and Watchtendonck; moſt of the prime Officers were alſo diſabled, by which means none but Lieutenant-Colonel de Uhlenfeld was left to command the ſeven Battalions engag'd in the heat of Action. Our Loſs amounts to between 4 or 5000 Men; that of the Enemy muſt be as conſiderable, if not larger.

Paris, Octo. 6. By our laſt Account from Italy the Battle of the 19th paſt was very bloody; for during the Combat wherein the Enemy had between 12 and 13000 kill'd and wounded, they ſent away 200 Waggons full of wounded Men; but towards the End, being preſs'd cloſely, were oblig'd to leave 900 wounded in the Field, whom our General had remov'd in order to be taken care of. We reckon between 6 and 7000 killed and wounded on our Side. After the Battle the Enemy intrench'd themſelves on the Banks of the Po, over-againſt Burgo-Fort, where they have a Bridge to retire over into the Mantuan in caſe of Occaſion.

On

On the 3d Te Deum was ſung in the Church of Notre Dame for the ſignal Victory in Italy.

London, Octo. 5. Letters from Paris intimate, that his Moſt Chriſtian Majeſty has been pleas'd to order 100,000 Crowns to be diſtributed among the Officers who loſt their Equipages, when Count Koninſegg ſurpriz'd the Marſhal de Broglio's Quarters; and at the ſame Time ſent Inſtructions to Marſhal Coigny, to inform him of the Number of Officers who had been kill'd in the Surprize, as well as at the Battle, in order to ſettle Penſions upon their Widows and Children.

A private Letter from Paris, dated the 29th, tells us, that the Germans, on the 19th being Sunday, with uncommon Valour attack'd the Allies in their Intrenchment at Guaſtalla. At 10 the whole Armies were engaged, Sword in Hand. The Fight laſted till 5 in the Afternoon, when the Germans retired, without being purſued, to Luzara, and left behind them ſome Pieces of Cannon, and a few Colours and Standards. That 15000 Men were kill'd on both Sides, among them 800 Officers. That Marſhal de Coigny was wounded, M. d'Harcourt loſt one Arm. 'Tis agreed on all Hands, that the Allies were much ſuperior in Number, notwithſtanding which, putting the two Actions together, the Loſs on both Sides was ſuppoſed to be equal.

Cuſtom-Houſe, New-York, Decem. 9. *Entred in.* None.
Entred out. Brigt. Amiſted, Benjamin Brown, Sloop Katharine, H. Tuckneſs, for Lisbon.
Cleared. Sloop Anne, Thomas Hill, to Dublin, Ship Carolina Merchant, Aza. Sandwel, to Lisbon, Ship Beaver, Thomas Smith, to London.

Philadelphia, December 21.

We hear from Briſtol, that a Boy about 3 Years old was lately burnt to death near that Place, no body being in the Houſe but himſelf. 'Tis ſuppoſed that ſtanding near the Fire, his Cloaths which were Linnen took fire; the Door being ſhut, he could not get out, but went up Stairs; and before any body came to him, he was ſo near dead that he breath'd but little after.

A few Days after a Boy about four Years old unhappily fell off the Wharff in Briſtol, and was drowned.

Our River is now clear from Ice, and the Weather fine and open.

Cuſtom-Houſe, Philadelphia. Entred in.
Brigt. Richard & Eliza. Charles Hargrave, from Briſtol.
Entred out.
Snow Succeſs, Benjamin Eckes, for Waterford.
Ship Diligence, Samuel Wood, for Lisbon.
Cleared.
Ship Richard & Henry, Arthur Smith Criſpin, to Cadiz.
Sloop Experiment, Lawrence Pyper, to South-Carolina.
Ship Briſtol Merchant, Edmund Stott, to Legborn.
Sloop Exchange, Benjamin Conyers, to Dublin.
Brigt. Indian Queen, Edw. Dumareſque, to Lisbon.
——— Mary, James Marſhal, to London.
——— King David, William Donalſon, to Barbadoes.
——— Pennſwood, Samuel Flower, to Barbadoes.

STOLEN *from* Joſeph Jackſon *of* Briſtol *in* Bucks-County, *about a Week ago, the following Goods,* viz. *off the Tenters, wet, three Pair of black worſted Stockings, and one Pair of yarn Stockings dipp'd in the black Dye, but not a good Black. Out of the Dye-houſe, one Pair of worſted Stockings dyed of a light copper colour, and a Woman's Gown of ſtriped Prunella, it had been yellow and blue and white ſtriped ſmall, but now dyed light copper-colour; alſo a woolen drugget Gown of a copper-colour, and the Thief has tore all the upper Part off both Gowns, and left them. And out of the Fulling-Mill there is taken about four or five Yards of blue Linen, only full'd and wet, being juſt taken out of the Stock, and hanging to drain. The Thief is ſuppoſed to be a luſty well-ſet Welſhman, who pretended to be a Tanner and Shoemaker, there being ſuch an one lurking about this Town ſome Days before the Theft was committed; he went to ſeveral Places and enquir'd for Work, but not of any body that was likely to employ him; he has not been ſeen hereabout ſince, but is ſuppoſed to be gone towards* Philadelphia. *Whoever gives Notice of the above Goods ſo that they may be had again, and the Thief brought to Juſtice, ſhall be paid* Three Pounds *as a Reward, by*

Briſtol, Decem. 15. Joſeph Jackſon.

ALLE die jenige, welche verwichenes Jahr mit den Kauffman Daniel Flexney in London, ſich veraccordiret, und mit den Capitein Johan Ball ueber See gekommen ſindt, wirdt hierdurch bekandt gemacht, daſs ſie ihre Schulden unverzuglich abzahlen, wiederichen falls aber erwarrten, daſs ſie durch Obrichheitliche Gewalt nach Philadelphia in Verhafft gebzacht, und zur bezahlung getzwungen werden ſollen: Wornach ſich ein jedeer zu achten und voz ſchaden zu huten hat.

Derer Nahmen ſind, Johan Lang, Peter Stocker, Ulrich Libeguth, Johan Adam Spach, Johan Coetner, Johan Paul Vogt, Willhelm Imler, Nigolas Hetzel.

Der Kauffman Daniel Flexney iſt wohnhaft bey Mrs. Mankin in der March-ſtraſs, *Philadelphia.*

RUN *away the* 11*th Day of* November *paſt from* Rees Pritchard *of* Whiteland, Cheſter *County, an* Iriſh *Servant Man named* Lawrence Keron, *aged about* 22 *Years, well-ſet Man, freckled Complexion and mark'd with the Small-Pox, ſandy curl'd Hair; browniſh Cloth Coat, Buttons of the ſame, and Breeches of the ſame Cloth; Cotton and Linnen Shirt, blue and white mixt Yarn Stockings, and another Pair of light colour'd Yarn Stockings, footed with dark-colour'd Yarn a good deal above the Shoe; an old Felt Hat, with a Piece cut out of the Brim, and cock'd up ſo as to hide it, wooden heel'd Shoes, and a Pair of old Shoes that have been mended and cover'd. Whoever takes up and ſecures the above-mentioned Servant, ſo that his Maſter may have him again, ſhall have* Forty Shillings *Reward, and reaſonable Charges paid by* Rees Prichard.

N. B. *It is ſuppoſed he is gone towards* Maryland.

ANY *Gentleman that has any Occaſion for a Book-Keeper, may be informed of one by the Printer hereof.*

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William Rakeſtraw.

ALL *Perſons indebted to the Eſtate of* Samuel Nichols, *late of* Philadelphia, *Bricklayer, deceaſed, are deſired to make ſpeedy Payment to his Widow,* Mary Nichols. *Alſo thoſe who have any Accompts to ſettle, are deſired to come and ſettle the ſame.*

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